

The Evening World

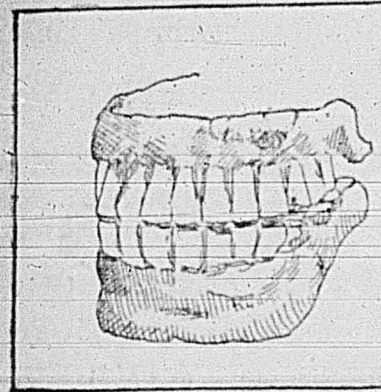
Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 43 to 53 Park Row, New York
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 47, NO. 10,482.

EXERCISE THE TEETH.

Everybody eats. The human engine requires fuel to keep it going, and also, like steam engines, some men get much more power and better results from the same amount of food than others.

Fat men as a rule are not the biggest eaters. The most voracious appetites are possessed by thin men. Not the quantity swallowed, but the amount of nourishment assimilated determines the benefit.



In general, everybody eats too much. Not that the majority of people are too well nourished, but that they do not eat what they should, and substitute things which they should not eat. They do not masticate their food properly, and they have not their digestive processes in good working order.

Hence a great part of the expense for food is not only that much money is wasted, but a positive detriment in clogging the system.

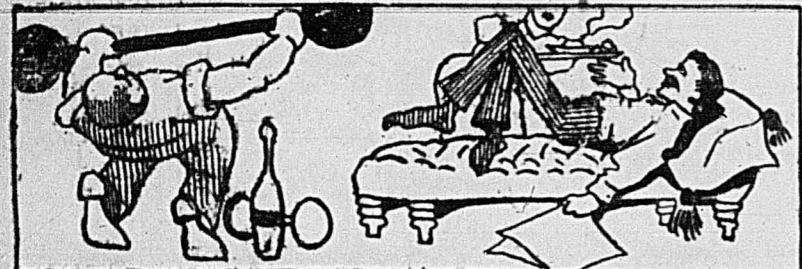
A Yale professor has been conducting experiments with Yale students to determine the effect of complete mastication of food. Every student who subjected himself to the experiment had to adopt the practice to which Mr. Gladstone attributed his prolonged good health of thoroughly chewing every mouthful of food and of putting no food in the mouth until the first morsel was thoroughly masticated.

The nine students who underwent this test took no other exercise than exercising their teeth. Instead of football and dumbbells, or other outdoor and gymnastic exercises, more time was taken for meals, and the teeth were kept working steadily, with no gulping of food allowed and no drinking permitted to wash partly chewed food down the throat.

There was no fixed diet, and every man was allowed to eat what he pleased three times a day.

The first thing noticed was that in a few days the men ate less, and at the end of a month they were consuming less than half as much food as had been their prior custom. By the end of the test they voluntarily reduced their consumption of meat by three-quarters.

At the same time, there was a constant increase in physical strength and particularly in endurance. Strength tests indicated steady improvement. The men were able to study longer without harm, to walk further without exhaustion.



With the reduction in the quantity of food consumed came a doubling of the amount of physical energy as determined by the gymnasium tests.

The teeth, the stomach and the intestines have their respective work to do in turning meat, vegetables, bread and butter into blood, hair, muscles, bones and energy. If the teeth do not do their work the craving of the body for more nutrient leads to eating needless food and putting a strain upon the digestive organs. This undue balancing of food and nourishment clogs the system and requires either medicine or regular physical exercise to get rid of the impurities.

Every horseman knows that the proper care of a horse's teeth is necessary to keep the horse in good health.

Every man should know that regular natural exercise of his teeth is necessary both to escape dentist's and doctor's bills, and to keep his body properly nourished.

Letters from the People.

Praise for Health Board.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
I was rather surprised to note Dr. W. Wynkoop's alleged opinion in which he seems to me to attribute the present healthy condition of the city to atmospheric conditions. How can the practice of medicine ten years ago question the benefits to be derived from the free distribution of diphtheria antitoxin, without considering the work of the Health Department along other lines, is beyond my understanding. All praise to the Health Department of New York City must be theirs. I am, Sir, a very true and loyal citizen.
STEPHEN L. GLADEN.
Bloomfield, N. J.

Records in Shaving.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
I am just beginning to shave myself and am interested in knowing how long such an operation should ordinarily take. To get a clean (not close) shave, I "go over" twice, and this occupies me from nine to ten minutes, including the drying and putting away of my shaving utensils. Will other men who shave themselves testify as to whether this is a long or short or average time; also what is the record time for a two-over shave or for a close shave? And should one begin on the right or left side of the face?
STEPHEN L. GLADEN.
Bloomfield, N. J.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
I read an article by an Englishwoman in which she recommended the cook-stove and the laundry board in preference to the typewriter, and advises practice in the kitchen instead of practice in the piano, and gives this as a reason for girls having to work for low wages. Allow me to state from experience that the girls who endeavor to learn and broaden their minds are the girls who obtain the high salaries, and the girls who stick to the cook-stove are the girls who are forced to look to a wife beater or the like for their support. As for playing the piano, what is more admirable than to see a

wife or a mother able to entertain her family with music, and what is more necessary than for a mother to be able to give her children moral lessons as well as cooking them a beef steak? A girl without education and training would never be able to bring up her children in the best way.
STERNOGRAPHER.

For Pure Food.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
You are doing grand work in exposing the fraud food products, and while you are at it, there are some others. One is the pie-filling business. Articles sold in "bakers' shops" to be fruit, are sometimes composed of the following: sugar, glucose and gelatine flavored and colored with aniline color. Beef extract has come in for a good rub, but how about the glucose sometimes added to it for "body"? Beef extract and clam bouillon should be fresh.
CHEMIST.

Can't Place Quotation.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
Where can I find the line, "How down the bridge, Sir Council," with all the words he may?"
H. N. G.

"Fast" Gas Meter.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
If a man considers his gas meter "fast" and desires to have it tested, to whom must he apply and what is the fee for such? Again, if the test proves it to be "fast" is the gas company compelled by law to pay for the test besides refunding the amount overcharged?
H. W. GILSEY.

Apply to Jastrow Alexander, No. 109

Broad-street. The fee is fifty cents. If the meter is "fast" this money is returned and the overcharge deducted from the next bill.

In Boston.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
Would you kindly tell me where the first Constitution is (the best that fought against the Gutter in the war of 1812)?
M. M. R.

Legal Aid Society, 239 Broadway.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
I have been in a legal society which will give legal advice to a poor person. Can you tell me what and where it is?
J. E. D.

The Modern "Sinbad."

By J. Campbell Cory.



THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To the Foxy English Doctor Who Pedestalizes Women in the Hope that They Will Be Lured Into Doing Man's Work:

DEAR DOCTOR SCOFIELD, of London: At last we have found a real "scamp" in a medical profession delivered in London you declared last week that women are just beginning their race. Men have pretty well finished theirs.
You said, furthermore, in discussing the comparative brain power of the sexes, that woman's brain is in proportion slightly greater than man's and that fifty years from now it will be found to have developed faster.
All of which is very delightful to hear even if we don't believe it. And in self-defense I don't see how we can. For it is only too true, Doctor Scofield, that the moment woman really enters the race man will cheerfully withdraw. Even now the strong-minded woman is the direct result of weak-minded men, and what is worse, her very strength endears weakness of purpose in other men. The woman who supports seventeen brothers and sisters because her father deserted them is only too apt to discover when she marries that she has acquired in her husband just one more person to lean on.



Dr. Scofield.

At the very beginning of the race we have learned that considering our comfort it was a mistake to start at all.

But if we have to believe that we are in reality man's mental superiors, how can we reconcile ourselves to the thousands of years of toil he has endured while we remained at home lapped in the luxurious ease he strove to provide for us? "Woman's superiority" means a protection of the weaker vessel. If all this time the pot has been calling the kettle "lord" without warrant of science or physiology, think how the poor kettle has been overworked!

I begin to suspect your motives, Doctor Scofield. I'm afraid you acknowledge woman's superiority to force her to take the consequences of it. It is disquieting to realize that even one man has weakened to the "snip" our alleged inferiority has given us. Woman's economic independence in this age will mean man's economic dependence in the next. His "equal" will hustle for her own living; his superior must naturally hustle for his too. Let us pray that he will acknowledge our equality in our own day, and that the burden of superiority will not fall even upon our children's children.

So long as man thought he had a monopoly of brain he was willing to take a monopoly of work. You know as well as I do, Doctor Scofield, that to acknowledge our greater brain power is simply an alluring way of putting us to work.

On second thoughts, therefore, we see through you and don't approve of you. Take your new-fashioned notions in the women suffragists who may want them. I am, Sir, a very true and loyal citizen. I am, Sir, a very true and loyal citizen. I am, Sir, a very true and loyal citizen.

Stop Laughing!

The Gentleman Farmer (anxiously): What in the world, Uncle Patterly, do you suppose is the matter with my head? Why, this morning I found six of them lying on their backs, cold and stiff, with their feet sticking up in the air.
The Ancient Man (after a suitable reason for contempt): Yes, hens is dead. Mr. Gentry—luck.

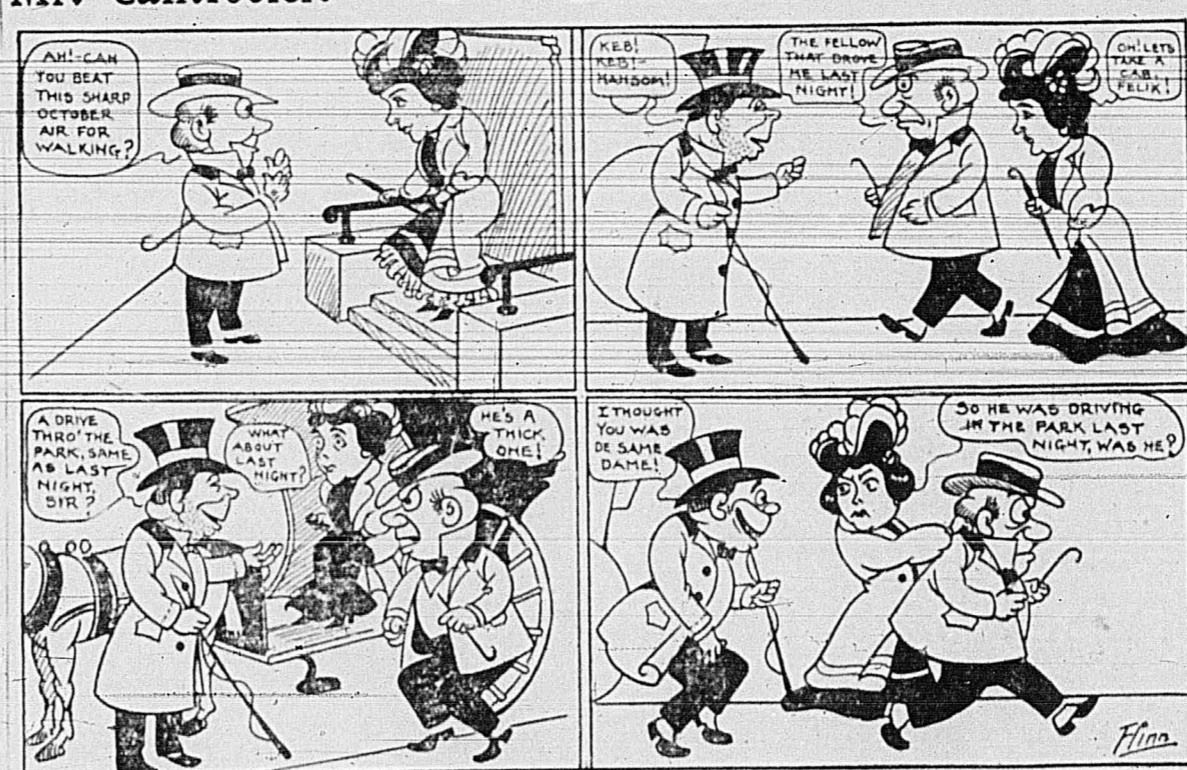
"What an old fad you have! I see here you are making a collection of Chinese laundry tickets."
"How my soul, man! that's my stupid spelling book." Baltimore American.

"What do you want a padlock for, my son?" asked the man in charge of the laundry.
"Why, we've got plenty of coal now, but some of the neighbors haven't, and we're afraid they'll steal it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Miss Antek—If you were me, would you marry a man who proposed to you by telegram?
Miss Pert—Yes, and I'd catch the next train to get him. From one end of the beam there oled a thin stream of alcohol. The beam was hollow.

Kind Lady—How many servants does your mother keep, dear?
Small Girl—She doesn't keep any; they're always coming and going. Boston Transcript.

Mr. Cantfooler.



By E. F. Flinn.

Strange Tricks of Parisian Alcohol Smugglers.

BECAUSE the city of Paris exacts a duty of nearly 80 cents a quart on alcohol brought within its limits there has arisen a class of professional smugglers who resort to all manner of ingenious tricks to get the precious fluid past the officers at the barriers without paying duty. For several months smugglers, disguised as stone-masons carried wooden beams through the gates without attracting the attention of the officers on guard. One day just as the last man of the squad passed the barrier with a heavy "Bonjour, comrades," he stumbled over a mine and fell headlong. Fearing that the man was hurt an official darted forward to help him to his feet, says the Chicago News. The fallen man jumped up and made off, leaving the beam behind him. Moreover, his companions took to their heels. The reason for their flight was soon plain. From one end of the beam there oled a thin stream of alcohol. The beam was hollow.

A successful type of smuggler is a smartly dressed man of leisure. Under his spotless waistcoat and white shirt he carries an India rubber receptacle brimful of alcohol. Sometimes the India rubber receptacle is replaced by one of tin. Even a tall silk hat has been used to conceal the heavily taxed fluid. A smuggler of the same class has been known to carry an innocent-looking portfolio which contained not papers but alcohol.

Double-bottomed bottles and other vessels are common contrivances of smugglers. In order not to awaken suspicion they are usually filled with some beverage, beer or wine, and this is duly declared by the man in charge of the vehicle in which they are carried. At the present time, however, the officers are never deceived by the double-bottomed bottles, nor for that matter by the hollow horse collar which at one time was a favorite dodge of the alcohol smuggler. During a period of over six months the customs employees at the various barriers of Paris saw two men pass before their offices carrying a very fine funeral wreath. Naturally they never asked for duty on such an article as that. The wreath contained nearly forty quarts of alcohol. The smugglers took every precaution against discovery, never passing through the same barrier twice running, but the trick was discovered at last by an inquisitive officer.

NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES
By Irvin S. Cobb

The Professional Victim of Homosexuality.

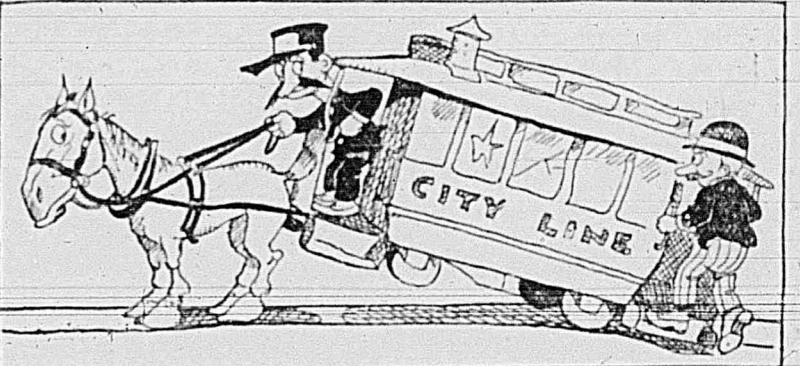
WE are more or less pestered by the gentleman who starts up his little back-hammer sole before he has digested the hard lumpy in his gozzie that was left by the last soda biscuit he ate ere leaving the old home in the high grass. By the time he has been here long enough to change his shirt and a two-dollar bill he begins to express a dark-brown conviction that the only thing you can find worth having in New York is a ticket to go somewhere else.

It boots him nothing that he can make more money here than the President of the First National Bank got where he came from. He never returns thanks for the fact that he can stand on Broadway and see everything he paid a dollar to see at the St. Louis Exposition, besides a whole lot of things he couldn't see at any exposition that had the approbation of the clergy.

The advantages of residing on our island do not appeal to him. He's too busy mooning around with his eyes full of country-raised beams trying to find notes in Old Man Manhattan's lamps.

Back home he rode on a street car that ran smoothest when it was off the track—a car that was only cleaned once a year, just before the annual visit of the sanitary inspector. Here he feels excessively annoyed because the subway expresses stop three or four times between Harlem and the Battery.

On visiting the Eden Musee he instantly decides that the dummies in



the windows of the Oak Hall Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Emporium in Keokuk for lifelessness had those waxworks figures beaten to a souffle.

If somebody mentions Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" in his presence he doesn't know whether it's a piece of music or a Boston regiment commanded by a German, but he lets on to be quite a critic at the opera. He openly admits that Nellie Melba's voice is a total loss alongside the valves of a girl he knows out West with yellow hair that sings in amateur productions of the "Pirates of Penzance" for the benefit of the New Church Building Society.

He thinks poorly of our Police Department. He allows, after studying them carefully for as long as half a day, that the only notes our policemen can pinch promptly are off the peanut peddler's cart. The force doesn't begin to compare with the town marshal of Lebanon Junction.

There is also something distinctly low-class about the kind of baseball the local teams play. When he goes to the Polo Grounds he can't keep from thinking of a little pitcher he saw once in the Gas Belt League who could make McGuffin, the Iron Man, look like a frozen fish.

THE FUNNY PART.

But he never becomes sufficiently disgusted to return to the place whence he came.

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill.



T. O. McGill.

THE man who can go up to the mountains and come away without a regret, even though he may have had the bad luck to get into a poor board-house, I acknowledge something in his make-up," said Mr. Furlong yesterday.

The General is one of the best known New Yorkers. He has kept office hours regularly in the Anson Corner of the Fifth Avenue ever since the red plush benches were put there.

"Why do you say so?" we asked the General.

"Because it is so," he replied. "I can go to Europe and see all the world's sights that are to be found in that part of the globe and come away after human beings."

John D.'s Essay on Patriotism.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

JOHN D. now takes his pen in hand, with horror he is filled up.

As he declares to save our land we people have to build up. Just build, build, build and not be chided by national controlling.

"Don't strive to beat the hard-worked trust" is what he is extolling.

John D. believes we ought to keep our hands off all resources. Just let the trusts who never sleep serve up to us our courses. To keep alive we ought to strive.

The prize? Oh, never yield it. To government. This best it went to trusts who rain would wield it.

France waits to snap our foreign trade in spite of small resources. Conceal how we our laws evade, be still and do not force us. To lose that trade. Eat food ill-made. And suffer for your nation.

A patriot should eat canned rot. Or perish of starvation.

Also, we'd best beware the Japs and o'er them not be gushy. You may remember—do, perhaps—the Standard's wells in Russia. Help make us rich, so do not pitch. Your favor to a rival.

Assured now rest that we know best. Don't wreck the trust's survival.

Pointed Paragraphs.

THE fewer enemies a man has the less one hears about him. Some bank balances grow rapidly, but most of them are easily checked.

Talk is cheap, women are fond of bargains—and that's all there is to it. A bottle labeled "hair bleach" often contains a woman's golden opportunity.

When the other fellow ceases to display any interest it's time for you to shut up.

Occasionally there are men who would rather pay their debts than be bored to death by bill collectors.

At some period in his matrimonial career almost every man pretends to let out a line of talk in his sleep for the benefit of his wife.—Chicago News.